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torious himself. After every disappointment, he drew closer to the white fawn, which he began to think destined to form the only link between them.

Equally beloved and feared, nothing seemed impossible to him save the two objects which lay nearest his heart. It was at that time customary, both in Gaul and Spain, for certain guards of a General to form themselves into a band devoted to his services in life, and vowed to a voluntary death wherever he should fall—usually the most admired had but a few of these *soldarii*, but Sertorius had great numbers. Once, having been deceived as to the strength of a besieging force, he issued from the city with a small band of troops, and was hard pressed by the enemy. His men, utterly regardless of themselves, with one impulse sought only his safety. Snatching him up, regardless of commands and menaces, they passed him upon their shoulders to the wall, waited to see him received by the garrison, and then, availing themselves of their matchless speed, scattered in a moment.

The provinces and cities which Sertorius had conquered were less true than his soldiery, but as often as they wavered, he gave them some new proof of his genius. The Characitani dwelt in caves high up upon the side of the mountain. They believed themselves impregnable to assault, and amused themselves by insulting him when he encamped near them. At first he despaired of punishing them, but observing that the mouths of their dens all faced the north, and that, at that period of the year, a strong north wind called *cacias* prevailed, he erected a vast mound of dry and crumbly earth opposite their abode. The barbarians laughed loudly, but they did not laugh long. The *cacias* blew the dust into their dwellings, and the soldiers galloped up and down on the light soil, adding to its suffocating denseness. The third day they surrendered without terms.

But the most brilliant abilities offer no screen from treason. Perpenna, a general of high birth, aspired to the supreme command. When his schemes were matured, he invited Sertorius to a banquet. After striving in vain to draw him into a quarrel, he let fall a wine cup. This was the signal agreed upon, and the conspirators immediately dispatched their victim.

The favorite freedman of Sertorius obtained possession of his body, and silently and hastily prepared it for burial, not daring to make lamentation, or even to burn

it with the solemnities due to his exalted rank. Upon withdrawing his mantle, he was surprised to find beneath it a little scarf delicately embroidered, and within its folds, fastened by a diamond star, a wreath of faded and broken myrtle leaves. He reverently placed them upon the bosom by whose throbbings they had so long been stirred, garlanded his head with laurel, scattered a few boughs of cypress over his shroud of snowy silk, and threw himself upon the ground in the bitterness of his unsolaced grief. Presently a little hand put back the curtains against which he lay, and a female passed swiftly by. Bending down, she kissed the brow, the cheek, the lips of the deceased, drew a dagger from her girdle and severed a lock of his hair, and throwing over him a handful of rare pearls, she withdrew, murmuring, "Now at least we belong to each other." The freedman was too much astonished to question or restrain her, but looking from the tent, he fancied she dissolved in the moonlight, and believed that some goddess faithful to her servant thus attested his purity of soul, and descended to aid his pilgrimage to the land of shadows.

Perpenna, deserted by many of the troops of his murdered commander, gave battle to Pompey, was defeated, and taken prisoner. Thinking to obtain better terms, he offered to produce letters written by distinguished men at Rome, inviting him to return thither, to institute a new administration. But Pompey collecting these, burned them without reading or permitting them to be read, and put Perpenna to death, lest by divulging the names of those compromised, he should excite new seditions. Other conspirators being carried to him, were beheaded by his order; some were shot by the Moors, and the only one who escaped dragged out a miserable existence among the barbarians.

CHEERFULNESS.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short I thank thee, God!"

AH, ME!

Soft stole the yellow sunlight,
And nestled at my feet;
But a little shadow crept behind,
And chilled the sunshine sweet.
My heart was full of music,
As a star is full of light;
But the echoes so disturbed me
That I could not sing aright—
Ah, me!

I had some perfumed flowers,
That the dew came down to bless;
But a chilly frost stole after,
And they died in his caress!
A sweet breeze kissed my garland,
And the forehead underneath;
But a fierce wind struggled in its steps,
And tore away my wreath—
Ah, me!

A dimpling ripple sought the shore—
I staid to hear its glee;
But a wild wave rushed upon its track,
And swept me to the sea!
Said I, "My soul's swift pinions,
Shall pillow in the light;"
But the sunny day outsped them,
And they drooped in the dark night—
• Ah, me!

I saw a bright lamp shining,
And followed where it led;
But a drear swamp lay before me,
And I fainted in my dread!
Then I heard a low, sweet whisper,
Faintly falling through the sky—
Shall I list its pleading cadence?
Murmuring, "Sad one, upon high!"
Ah, me!

SYBIL.

SONNET.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit, bound within the rind
Of some old wreathed oak, or fast enshrined
In the cold durance of an echoing cave.
Yea, better thus, than cold disdain to brave,
Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind
That decks its temple with unearthly grace.
Together must we dwell—my dream and I;
Unknown must live, and unregarded die,
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
• Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Think, whether ever any man, by sin-
ning against God, did gain somewhat that
is better than heaven, or that is worth
going to hell for.